

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 14 | Number 3

Article 21

Summer 8-1-1995

Somebody

Arlene Harting
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Harting, Arlene (1995) "Somebody," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 3 , Article 21.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss3/21>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

SOMEBODY

Hyper was still sniffing from her cry earlier, after her fight with Niobe. Actually, that's how I found her: sniffing, sitting on top of her dad's brown cadillac, dripping mucus and tears on the notebook she was furiously writing in. I heard the door open, and Terri and Sajee came out. "See, we knew you'd be here." "Hey guys," Hyper said solemnly. She got off the car and sat down on the cool grass. Mayos came out, and Sajee went up to talk to her. "You know what we haven't had in a long time? A cool club meeting," said Hyper. Terri and I sat down on the grass with her in a circle. I could smell the night air: the fresh cut grass, humidity hanging heavily in the air, and the sweat of our bodies from the hot, summer day, mingling together. The crickets tried to join in our conversation, and cars murmured in the busy street nearby, but this was our time, our thoughts, our world, for now.

The moon skulked in and out of the cloud; most of the time she was hidden, but we knew she was there because of the gentle shower of light that she gave. Everything is beautiful at night: the glittering ripples of a lake, the luminous faces around a campfire, the tranquil sleep of house, even that hot magenta car sitting lonely in the parking lot of that dealership across the street. After all, beauty is in the eye of the beholder. "Hey Rose! I see the perfect car for you— check out that metallic pink thing," my cousin says sarcastically, nodding towards the hard to miss wonder. "Oh yeah!" I say. A light goes on in one of the windows of the apartment, right next to the dealership. "Oh, it's that crazy man. He's probably watching us, wondering what we're up to," Hyper says. "Yeah remember when Mayos and Patrick were walking out to their car, and he started screaming 'Get away from there! I know you're trying to steal it!'" "Oh boy," we sigh, at a loss for words.

"Jake wants to get back together," Terri says. "You're kidding?" You can't go out with him. He's such a loser!" says Hyper. "Yeah didn't he lose his job at McDonalds?" I say "Yeah. He took a hundred dollars and wrote I'll pay you back my next paycheck," says Terri. "Well, what happened to you and Lee?" asks Hyper. "I couldn't go out with my bestfriend's brother. I mean, we both wanted to, but we thought about Niobe, and it just couldn't work." "It would've been okay.

Niobe said she wouldn't mind." "I wish I'd known that. Ohhh! now that I think about it..." A firefly landed on my leg; I was about to smack it. It'd be cool to see its smeared guts glow, but maybe not on me, and I also saw its friends glowing among the grass. What if it lost moments like these?

"So what are you going to do about Fairy?" Terri said. "I don't know," Hyper said, smirking. "Hyper has a cruuush!" I say. "Maybe, I'll call him." shrugs Hyper. Mayos, Sajee, and my cousin Mina talk behind us. They're probably talking about their boyfriends, "I don't know. Am I always gonna be alone? I need a man," I say.

"What about Tod?" Hyper asks, smiling.

"God, I always fall for jerks."

"Jake wanted to get together," Terri says. A baby is growing inside of her. "I've been so tired lately."

"You work too much," says Hyper.

"Yeah," says Terri.

I stared at the stars pulsating in the majestic sky, surrounded by parental clouds. "I used to think giants lived up there," I said. "They scared me. And when I would ask where heaven was, my mom would always point up to the sky, and I'd look back at her frightened, as if she said the boogeyman does live in my closet."

"Okay," Hyper says.

"What?! Think I'm crazy?"

"Nah, we're not normal."

"Hey! Don't call me normal."

"As long as you don't call me normal."

"Never."

"So where is your mom?" Hyper asks.

"School, Where else?" I say. "She never wants to spend time with us anymore. The casino is her home now. I don't know what gambling can teach you, but it's giving her more happiness than we are."

"I want somebody to share..." sings Hyper. I stare at the sky. "Come on, where's my Depeche Mode buddy?"

The moon withdraws from her hiding place within the clouds, and watches, her breath upon the world.

"Share the rest of my life," I sing.

"Share my innermost thoughts."

"Know my intimate details..."

"—You guys are so silly!" says Terri, shaking her head.

By: Arlene Harting